Why then these were not Fairies?
Mis: Page. No sir *Iohn*, but boyes.
Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thrice in the minde
They were not, and yet the grosenesse
Of the foppery perswaded me they were.
Well, if the fine wits of the Court heare this,
They'l so whip me with their keene iests,
That they'l melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my grease. Boyes!
Sir Hu. I trust me boyes Sir *Iohn*, and
I was also a Fairy that did helpe to pinch you.
Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the start of me,
Am I written too with a welch goate?
With a peece of toasted cheese?
Sir Hugh. Butter is better then cheese sir *Iohn*,
You are all butter, butter.
For. There is a further matter yet sir *Iohn*,
Ther's 20. pound you borrowed of M. *Brooke* Sir *Iohn*,
And it must be paid to M. *Foord* Sir *Iohn*.
Mis: For. Nay husband let that go to make amends,
Forgiue that sum, and so wee'l all be friends.
For. Well here's my hand, all is forgiuen at last.
Fal. It hath cost me well,
I haue beene well pinched and washed.
Enter the Doctor.
Mis: Pa. Now M. Doctor, sonne I hope you are.
Doct. Sonne, be-gar you be de ville voman,
Be-gar I tinck to marry metres *Anne*, and begar
Tis a whorson garson Iack boy.
Mis: Page. How, a boy?

Doct.

Doct. I be-gar a
Page. Nay be no
It was my plot to de
And by this time yo
To M. *Slender*, and s
E
Now sonne *Slender*,
Slen. Bride, by Go
in the worell hath t
God I could cry for
Page. Why what'
Slen. Sonne, nay
Page. No, why so
Slen. Why so
married.
Page. How, a boy
Slen. No neyth
bad me, and I cried
as euer you heard, a
Sir Hugh. Ieshu M
ry boyes?
Page. O I am vex
Enter Fe
Mis. Pa. Here co
How now daughte
Anne. At Church
Page. At Church,
Fen. Married to m
Tis done sir now, an
Foord. Ifaith M. *P*
She hath made her